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Heavy Outings, good style, 8¢
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One Lot Each.

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1 Lot Heavy Huck Towels, Hemstitched, size 18x36 inches, weight 2 1/2 lbs. to the dozen. Regular price 18c. For this sale 2 for - 25c.

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Best Extra Super, All Wool, 58c
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NEW LINE

OF

LADIES'

WRAPPERS,

ALSO

READY-MADE

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C. P. BEAN, Corner Church and Main Streets.

LOCAL NEWS

—The Latest, too.

Lots of it—in every issue of the News. Send a copy to your friends—3 months, 5¢; 6 months, 10¢; 1 year, \$1.25.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 7, 1898.

Vol. IV. No. 28.

Town Topics.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING. ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That is Set on a Hill Cannot Be Hid."

Mr. S. D. Philbrook is not quite so well as usual.

J. F. Ballard of Gilead, was in town a few days last week.

T. L. Webb of Berlin, N. H., was in town last Thursday.

John Barker and family have moved to Rumford Falls.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. A. E. Herrick, Thursday afternoon.

Rev. C. A. Hayden of Augusta, visited his son, Dr. L. B. Hayden, last week.

F. H. Noyes, at the Blue Store, Norway, will sell useful and pleasing gifts for the holidays.

Mr. Jotham Chapman has gone to Haverhill, Mass., where he has employment for a few months.

Mr. John Yates has moved into the house on Mechanic street, recently occupied by Mr. Milton Penley.

Mr. S. I. French, who was quite ill for a few days last week, has so far recuperated as to be able to be out of doors, but not able to attend to his regular duties.

The Columbian Club will meet Friday afternoon, Dec. 9, with Mrs. T. F. Hastings, at 2.30 o'clock. Director's meeting at 9 o'clock, Mrs. A. E. Herrick, leader.

The friends of Miss Salome Twitchell, who so much enjoyed meeting her on her recent visit to Bethel, will be pained to know that her hip was fractured from a fall in Haverhill, last week.

Remember that the dramatic entertainment, which was to have been given by the senior class of Gould's Academy last term, will be given, Friday night, of this week. Let Odeon Hall be well filled.

The interest manifested at the revival meetings which have been held at the M. E. church, the past three weeks, is such as to encourage the pastor, Rev. J. W. Lewis, to extend them another week. Twenty-two conversions were reported up to last Saturday, and many more are looked for this week.

Mr. E. S. Hammons, who has been in southern New Hampshire, buying, packing, and shipping apples, for J. L. Libby & Co., Portland, is at home for a brief stay. Mr. Hammons has purchased 250 barrels of Eli F. Stearns, which together with smaller lots purchased in this vicinity, he will pack and ship at once.

Revival meetings will be held at the M. E. church every evening this week at 7 o'clock. Meetings will be opened with a praise service, followed by a sermon from Bro. Lewis, to which all are cordially invited. There will also be afternoon meetings at 2.30 o'clock. Bro. Lewis is doing a good work and needs the hearty co-operation of all Christians in town.

Hon. John M. Philbrook while returning from attendance upon a road hearing at Rumford Falls, Thursday afternoon, was thrown from his sleigh by a defect in the road in Rumford near Hanover, and narrowly escaped serious injury. The road had not been broken since the storm and at this point was drifted badly. When the sleigh suddenly tipped over, Mr. Philbrook held his horses and was dragged some distance when he was obliged to relinquish his hold in order to save himself from being hurt. The horses were stopped by George L. Smith of Hanover, who drove back and picked up Mr. Philbrook. The sleigh was nearly ruined. Mr. Philbrook came out with no broken bones but was considerably bruised and lamed. Other parties had met with accidents in the same place only a day or two before.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnam & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.
Hall's family Pills are the best.

REMINISCENCES.

The terrible tales of the sea that have so wrung our hearts during this week have brought vividly to my recollection the stories of wreck and disaster upon which my childish brain was nourished. And it has been suggested to me that possibly some reminiscences of the life of a little child on the coast of Maine might be of interest to those of such different environment among these hills. A child of the sixties. There is no such disparity between coast and inland life of this day. But then, when railroads came only within thirty-six miles of us and our intercourse with the outside world was almost entirely by steamer or sailing vessel, living had a peculiar flavor now with the decadence of shipping, quite outgrown. Though war had dealt its paralyzing blow to marine interests, and few "stately ships" went by, as in earlier days, still all our goods were brought by the little coasters that crept cautiously from one port to another. To my childish mind those vessels had as vivid a personality as anybody else who came and went. Well do I remember my patient, no impatient, watch on wharf and shore when any incoming schooner was to bring in her hold something of particular interest or value to me. Especially vivid in my memory, are the vigils I kept when "The Merchant," I believe it was—"she" and the Massachusetts and the Python were my favorite craft—was to bring me from Boston a new bureau, which I had been promised as a reward for my enterprise and perseverance in plying together a bed quilt (over and over) before I was six years old. I finished the quilt and stationed myself on the shore, scanning critically each distant sail, till The Merchant came, with exasperating slowness, up to the wharf. The coming of the bureau and a trunk, which, with a never-to-be-satisfied desire for travel, I had chosen as the reward of some other piece of childish virtue or industry, (probably both, they were considered inseparable in those days) occasioned me many weary, waiting hours. The Python brought the trunk at last.

I believe that coast children of this day and generation are by no means the amphibious beings that they were in mine. Then, part of every summer day, whatever the temperature, must be spent wading in the deep. And if the tide was high at noon and had come crawling lazily up over sun-baked flats, we would elect to spend most of the afternoon in our second habitat, the sea. How thick the jelly fish were on those days! And what sport to catch them! We all knew the hours of the daily ebb and flow of the tides, as well as the hours for school, seemingly better, and could calculate to a minute, just how long it would be safe to stay in our lodging on "The Big Rock," a great bluff, separated from mainland at high tide, but accessible at low. Of course, the greatest gala days in our calendar was "a launching," but, unfortunately, the waning of the ship building industry made them of constantly rarer recurrence.

But perhaps the thing which left the most indelible impression upon my mind, were the tales told by the fire-side on wintry evenings by visiting sea captains, and to which, sitting entranced on my little stool, I was a breathless listener. Sea captains, as is well known, were eminently social beings, and upon land, always gentlemen of elegant leisure. No pleasure was so congenial to them as that of relating to a sympathetic audience the experiences of past voyages. Or, perhaps it would be a retired mariner with his wife, on one of the two or three days' friendly visits, which it was one of the customs of the guild to make and receive "about once in so often," as the immortal Mrs. Ruggles would say, who would beguile the frankly confessed tedious existence on dry land, by narrating his former adventures. Among the many tales I heard, I naturally thought then, and perhaps may pardonably think now, among the most thrilling were those which embodied the experiences of my own father and mother.

My father had been the only survivor of a wreck upon the coast of Ireland. It was in the famine of 1849. A ship with a Bluehill captain and a Bluehill crew had sailed from New York with a cargo of corn for the relief of the distressed Irish peasants. The captain, from the day of sailing, was a prey to gloomy forebodings, and made no secret of his conviction that the ship would never reach shore. I never heard that his melancholy sentiments were believed to have affected in any way, his seamanship, but the ship was in-

deed wrecked and all on board drowned except my father, who was first mate, his brother, the second mate, being one of the lost. Four days the young man drifted without food or water. Once, falling into an exhausted sleep, he awoke to find the rope, with which he had lashed himself to the wreck, just slipping its knots. And when, after all that weary waste of sea and sky, land at last appeared, it seemed to have offered but a delusive hope; for, as he neared the shore, he was confronted with the apparent certainty of a terrible death among the breakers of the surge-beaten, rocky coast. But almost as he neared them for the final plunge, a little boat shot out from behind a piece of land, which proved afterward to be a small island. The island was inhabited only by a few ignorant, destitute peasants, who gave him their best, a bed in a turf hut, where the pigs were accustomed to share the family quarters. They nursed him with rude kindness through a long, delirious fever, until the American Consul on the mainland was acquainted with his condition. Then, indeed, he saw a different phase of Irish life from that he had known among the peasantry. He became the guest of an Irish nobleman in his ancestral castle, and was royally entertained until he was able to go home. The chapter of Irish experience was always a fascinating one to me. I never heard anything more harrowing than the stories my father used to tell of the suffering of the Irish peasants in that horrible famine. When he reached home, the funeral of the victims of the disaster was held in one of the village churches, and, naturally, the sole survivor figured as somewhat of a hero; at least, so it appeared to a certain young woman, who sang in the choir; and there the romance began, which ended in my father christening his new bride, "The Bride," and embarking in her upon his wedding day with another bride, whose namesake she was. Taking with them all their little store of worldly goods, the young couple sailed proudly away. Happily their first voyage together was not emblematic of their life journey, for in three months they returned, stripped of all their possessions. They had encountered a fearful and sudden gale off Hatteras, had lost their ship, but not life, nor courage, nor hope. For thirty-six hours after the vessel capsized, they had floated on the wreck, the waves continually breaking over them, and, as they had been blown out of the track of vessels, with little hope of rescue. At length, when their sufferings had become such that they had grown resigned to death, indeed had almost come to hope each time the wreck plunged into the abyss of the waves that it might end their torture, a ship, also blown off her course, and disabled, approached them. But it was blackest night, and the fear gripped the ship drew near, that they might be run down, when, lo! an immense meteor fell so near that the whole sea around was light and their location plainly revealed to their rescuers. They were taken safely on board a British bark bound for Bermuda. My mother arrived there in the guise of a common sailor, all her own clothes having been washed away. But her losses were soon repaired, for no sooner had they reached a hotel, and the story of their misfortune become known than she was fairly inundated again with the clothing that was poured in upon her, the first articles sent to minister to her necessities being a comical succession of, I don't dare to say how many, white silk bonnets.

Such tales as these, with countless elaborations and details, were what I constantly heard as a child. My fancy always vested in peculiar mystery those silent women who watched and waited for the husbands or sons who were "never heard from," a common phrase in those days, involving such a world of woe and heartache, such agonizing uncertainty, such desolate certainty at last. There were several such in our neighborhood and I never met one of them without a consciousness of her sorrow, and the secret thought, "Perhaps she thinks he may come to-day." For there was always to my mind, the hope afforded by the possibilities of desert islands.

It seems almost irreverent to mention in this connection, that there was now and then a sea-faring Benedict, to whom the marriage vow had become irksome, who would deliberately make up his mind never to be "heard from," expecting to be the object of a flattering amount of conjecture and grief, and to leave a memory enshrined in a suitable halo. But the world is such a small place after all, and his old neighbors

were such ubiquitous wanderers upon the face of it, that the ruse was inevitably detected sooner or later.

Oh, the sea is a terrible monster sometimes, but the bond by which it holds those who were born and bred by its side is like the tie of blood which nothing in the universe can sever.

On my last visit to my old home I called one night upon an old sea captain whose active days were past. He was the one who had brought my bureau in the Merchant, and an accurate record of his voyages was always a part of my juvenile knowledge, for the way between his home and the harbor lay past our house. Now he was resting quietly in his snug home on the hilltop, which commanded a clear view of the beautiful harbor in and out which he had so often sailed, his spy-glass always by the window ledge and focused upon every passing sail. The dear old man has "crossed the bar" since then, and this was to be my last sight of his kindly weather-beaten old face. As he questioned me concerning my present home, a sense of my distance from the sea swept over him, and he said, with a whole world of pity in his voice, caressingly laying his trembling hand upon mine, "Ain't you dreadful lonesome away off up there, dear?" M. C. H.

Gould's Academy—Dramatic Entertainment.

The drama, "Imogene," or "The White Secret," will be presented in Odeon Hall, Friday evening, Dec. 9, under the auspices of the senior class of Gould's Academy. Following is the cast of characters: Imogene, Vivian J. Kellihier; Mother Mundy, the witch, Mrs. Mansfield; Beatrice Kellihier Susie, Mrs. Mansfield's maid, Florence Carter; Snooks, a newsboy, Edwin Harvey; Charles Mansfield, Leon Walker; Dr. Harris, Robert Bisbee; Deacon Austin, Wallace Goodwin; James Reed, an attorney, George French; Dennis O'Brien, Charles Holmes; Waiter, Wm. Holmes. Good music will be furnished by a male quartette and a ladies' quartette. No pains will be spared to make the entertainment first class, and it is hoped the students will receive on this occasion, the same generous patronage and encouragement that has been given them in the past. Proceeds of entertainment to help the senior class defray the expenses of graduation.

Dodge-Bennett.

A very pretty wedding took place in the Universalist church at Woodville, N. H., Monday, Nov. 21. Before the time for services arrived, the church was filled with friends, who came to witness the marriage ceremony of Mr. Harley Don Dodge and Miss Dora Imenia Bennett.

The church was tastefully decorated by the Young People's Union with the colors of the Y. P. C. U., white and blue. A large bell, beautifully decorated with ferns, hung over the altar.

At 9 o'clock, the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played by our popular organist, Mrs. Barker, and the wedding couple entered the church, attended by the bride's two sisters, Della and Helen Bennett.

The ceremony was performed by our pastor, Rev. F. L. Carrier, assisted by Rev. Harry Veazey of St. Johnsbury, Vt., after which, for a few moments, congratulations were extended to the couple just starting on a life-long journey together. When going down the church steps to the carriage, they were deluged with rice.

Mr. and Mrs. Dodge left for Bethel on the 10 o'clock train. When they reached the depot, they found the Unioners and a host of their friends, gathered there to wish them God speed and a long life of happiness, and also to throw rice and see that the trunk was all bound with white ribbon and old shoes to help it along.

As the train, sped out of view, I carried the first couple married in our church, but we hope for more weddings as pretty in every way as this one.

O. A. B.

Dr. J. W. Kittredge will be at Dr. T. Wadwell's, Saturday, Dec. 10.

How It Hurts.

Rheumatism, with its sharp twinges, aches, and pains. Do you know the cause? Acid in the blood has accumulated in your joints. The cure is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which neutralizes this acid. Thousands write that they have been completely cured of rheumatism by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion. Price, 25 cents.

A Woman's Argument.

Outside it was dreary and cold and wet. Inside, on the hearth, was the bright wood fire, and Larry lounged happily in its glow, and talked of his farm and the men to hire; of the seed and soil and the planting days; of his boys and girls and their pleasant ways; While low in her rocking chair by his side, Their mother sat sewing with busy skill; There were stockings and coats and frocks to mind, But her needle worked with a right good will. Till someone knocked at the door, and then Her parlor was crowded with eager men.

"They wanted Larry—he must not refuse— 'The Party' on every good man had a claim, And the club had got most important news, Which they must discuss, or be much to blame." And, indeed, a stranger might well have thought That the country had been both sold and bought.

Then Larry stood up with an anxious look, But Lizette said, "What is it all about? For you see, good friends, 'tis a bitter night, And husbands are far better in than out."

"Well, mistress, you can't understand the case, But we want the right man in the right place."

Then Lizette looked up with a gracious smile— "I agree with you, friends, and I'll tell you why; 'Tis a principle full of rare good sense, And exactly suits both Larry and I, Only this is the way I state the case: 'The right man, Masters, in the right place '—

"Is a husband at home in the evening!" They bowed to the wife with a candid smile.

"And one of them answered, 'Men never would roam If all of us had such a pleasant wife, And all of us had such a cheerful home, And Larry would be neither happy nor right'—

If he left his wife and his home to-night."

And then when the house was quiet again, Larry stooped low to his wife's pretty face: "Dear little woman, so wise and so true, You have made out a most excellent case; There's daytime for duty of every kind, And you may be sure you will always find Your husband at home in the evening!"

—Our Continent.

THINK TWICE.

"Did Horner pay the bill?" inquired Mr. Gilbert of his clerk, who had just come in.

"The young man shook his head. 'Didn't pay it?'"

"No, sir."

"What answer did he give?"

"He was angry, and said that he wished you wouldn't send after the bill any more; that when he was ready, he would bring you the money, and not before."

"He said that, did he?" Mr. Gilbert spoke with considerable excitement of manner.

"Yes, sir. I have never called on him that he didn't get out of patience, and say something unpleasant."

"Very well," replied Mr. Gilbert, in a menacing tone; "give me the bill. I'll collect it."

And, taking up his hat, he left the store. Within two or three blocks was the office of an alderman, and thither his steps were turned.

"Thank fortune! there's a short way to deal with men in these cases." Thus Mr. Gilbert talked to himself, as he moved rapidly along. "Not send my bill, indeed! Why doesn't he come and pay it, if he is so nice in these matters? He doesn't mean to pay; that's the true reason. But he is dealing with the wrong man, and he will find this out before he is twenty-four hours older. He can bluff off a clerk, but he will find a city bailiff a different sort of customer."

Such was the state of Mr. Gilbert's mind, as he hurried on his way to the alderman's office.

Horner, the offender in this case, was a poor tailor, who had become indebted to Gilbert for groceries. The amount of his bill was sixty-six dollars; a very large sum for him, and far exceeding what he had supposed it would be. Sick, and the loss of a child, had, some months previous, lessened his income, and also burdened him with unusual expenses. But for

this, he would not have become indebted. Honest and sensitive, the debt worried him. Instead, however, of going to Mr. Gilbert and asking him to let the obligation stand for a short time until he could pay it off gradually, he kept away from him, and fretted himself with thinking over the unpleasant relation he bore to the grocer. As was to have been expected, the bill came in. The clerk, by whose hands it was sent, made his demand in a style that Horner thought rude, if not insulting. This was more in imagination than in reality.

"I can't pay this now," was the tailor's brief answer. He spoke with a troubled voice and countenance. The clerk interpreted his manner by the word "anger."

"When will you settle it?" he inquired, with something peremptory in his voice.

"I can't tell," said Horner, in a short, quick tone.

The clerk bowed and went away. His report did not please the grocer, who, in a few days, sent again for the money. The second demand came upon Horner, while he was thinking of the bill, and hopelessly casting about in his mind for some means of paying it. Not possessing a great deal of self-control, he unwisely uttered an expression of impatience the moment he saw the clerk of Gilbert.

"Well, sir; what about that bill?" said the clerk.

"It's no use to keep calling on me," replied Horner. "As soon as I have the money I will see Mr. Gilbert."

A third time the clerk called. Poor Horner was in a very unhappy state of mind. He had been talking of little else beside the grocer's bill all the morning, while in his mind was a nervous presentiment that he should have a visit that day from the collector. He was not in error. Even as the thought troubled him, open swung his door, and the messenger of Gilbert entered.

"See here, young man!" exclaimed Horner, before the other had time to speak; "just-tell Gilbert not to send that bill here again. It won't bring the money an hour sooner. When I am ready, I will pay it, and not before."

The clerk turned out, and left the shop, without a word of reply. "That wasn't right, John," said the tailor's wife, in a tone of gentle reproof, after the lapse of five minutes. She wisely forbore to speak until time enough had elapsed for her irritable husband to regain a degree of self-composure.

"I know it wasn't," answered Horner, pausing in his work, and giving vent to his feelings in a heavy sigh. "I know it wasn't. But this constant dunning is hard to bear. He knows, as well as I do, that he will get his money as soon as I can possibly earn it."

"No, John; not as well as you do," said the wife, mildly. "He cannot see your thoughts."

There was a brief silence. "Have you ever seen Mr. Gilbert, John?" inquired Mrs. Horner.

"No. But—"

The tailor hesitated. He saw what was in the mind of his wife, and felt its force.

"Don't you think it would be better to see him, and explain just how it is with you? I don't believe he would give you any trouble, if you were to do so. There is no telling what kind of messages his clerk takes to him. If he gives simply your words to-day, Mr. Gilbert will be angry, and there is no knowing what he might be tempted to do."

"I don't want to see him," replied Horner. "I can't bear to look into a man's face, if I owe him money."

The wife sighed, but did not answer. Both remained silent for some time. Horner's own mind soon suggested all that his wife wished, but hesitated to say. It was but right for him to see the grocer, explain to him fully his position, and, after assuring him of his intention to pay every dollar of the debt, ask of him a liberal extension of time.

"I'll see him," said he, at length, pausing suddenly in his work, and getting down from his shop-board. In a little while he was ready to go out, when he started forth to see his creditor.

In the meantime, Gilbert had kept on his way towards the alderman's, fully resolved to hand his debtor over to the tender mercies of the law. He was within a few doors of the office when he met a friend.

"What's the matter?" inquired this individual. "You look as though you were going to sue somebody."

"Just what I am about doing," replied the grocer.

"Ah, indeed! Who is the hard case that requires such a stringent measure?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.

33¹/₃ per cent. Discount.

On Ladies', Misses' and Children's JACKETS and CAPES. Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 29, to continue one week.

I have too many Misses' and Children's Jackets. The Ladies' Garments are reduced so they are broken in variety and sizes. I rather lose a little now, than take chances of losing more later.

Ladies' Electric Seal Jackets, \$25.00, \$16.67.

Ladies' Electric Seal Capes, 25.00, 16.67.

Ladies' Electric Seal Capes, 22.00, 14.67.

Ladies' Cloth Capes and Jackets \$12.50, \$12, \$10, \$9, \$8.50, \$7.50, \$6.50, \$4, and \$3.50 subject to same discount.

Misses' and Children's Jackets, \$7, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3, \$2.50, \$2.25, \$2, \$1.75, \$1.50 and \$1 subject to the same discount.

This makes prices TERRIBLE LOW. Everybody can afford to buy. 6 Ladies' Jackets (old style) \$1.50 each, net.

Yours respectfully, L. B. Andrews, (Successor to C. W. Bowker & Co.) SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

Only two minutes walk from G. T. R. depot.

E. L. Tebbets & Co.

We keep constantly in stock the best quality of

Corn and Oats,

Which we grind to suit our customers.

We also keep FLOUR, BRAN, MIDDINGS, MINERAL SALT, GRASS SEED, and

Poultry Supplies.

We also do

Custom : Grinding.

E. L. TEBBETS & CO., LOCKE'S MILLS, ME.

E. E. WHITNEY & Co. BETHEL, ME.

Marble & Granite Workers.

Chaste Designs. First-Class workmanship.

Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work. Get our prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

WISCONSIN CURE FOR COUGHS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Asthma, Consumption. Sold by Druggists.

THE BETHEL NEWS,
PUBLISHED WEDNESDAYS BY
NEWS PUBLISHING CO.,
One Block, Bethel, Maine.
E. C. BOWLER, Editor.
Entered at the Bethel post office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 7, 1898.

LOCAL NEWS.

Thomas Campbell has moved his family to Auburn.
Deacon Hillard Chapman has been quite ill for several weeks.

Mr. Ernest Cross is soon to move to Lynn, Mass., with his family and will rent his farm.

It will pay you to buy your suit, fur coat, ulster, and overcoat at F. H. Noyes' Blue Store, Norway.
Albie Bennett and Goodwin Cole of Gilead, in company with Silas Littlehale shot two handsome deer last Friday.

Bethel Lodge F. & A. M. will install their officers Thursday evening and furnish supper at the Universalist chapel.

The words of praise bestowed upon Hood's Sarsaparilla by those who have taken it, prove the merit of the medicine.

Miss Sadie Mason is spending her vacation at home; she will return to No. Bridgton at the opening of the next term of the academy.

Miss Mollie Chapman returned from Ubea, Montana, Monday morning. Miss Chapman will receive a warm welcome from hosts of Bethel friends.

At the last meeting of the W. C. T. U., a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Geo. H. Shirley in appreciation of his gift to the Union of a beautiful copy of the life of Miss Frances Willard.

Geo. E. King, who has been employed at Bethel, N. H., came home last Thursday. Friday he started for the Rangeley region, where he is to have charge of a supply camp for the Berlin Mills Co.

Schools throughout the town are in session, after a two weeks' vacation. Occasional visits from parents and friends will do much to increase the interest already manifested by teachers and pupils.

Friends of C. F. Wilson of Bethel, who was reported as being one of the passengers on the ill-fated Portland, were pleased by the information that he did not sail as expected, but went to Worcester, Friday preceding the storm, returning last week.

Miss Abbie Upton spent Thanksgiving with her classmates, James Wise, and his wife at South Paris. Fourteen deaf mute people were invited to dinner, and in the evening a very pleasant social was enjoyed. Miss Upton returned to her home, Monday afternoon, Nov. 28.

Deputy Sheriff Penley was confined to the house by illness, last week. Mr. Penley has leased the Deacon Twitchell farm in Mayville and has moved to the same. As he will continue his meat business in our village, he has erected on the farm, a large house for the storage of ice to be used in his skillings.

The spool mill of J. P. Skillings has been shut down the past week during Mr. Skillings' absence in Massachusetts. For the past year Mr. Skillings has run quite regularly. Twenty-five or more men are employed. Mr. Skillings has contracted to supply the Clark Thread Co. for which he makes 13,000 gross of spools per month. These spools are colored black before leaving the factory in Bethel. Mr. H. A. Packard has sole charge of this coloring which is an important part of the work. Mr. Skillings is buying a large lot of lumber this season for use in his mill. The mill is one of the plants of the defunct American Bobbin, Spool and Shuttle Co. which was formerly operated by W. E. and J. P. Skillings. It is leased by Mr. Skillings.

The much talked about comedy-drama, entitled the "Hilton Mystery," is to be produced at last, under the auspices and for the benefit of the Volunteer Hose Co., at Odeon Hall, Thursday night, Dec. 15. The cast includes the following popular ladies and gentlemen of Bethel: Mrs. T. F. Hastings, Mrs. W. F. Kendall, Miss Jane Gibson, Mr. W. F. Kendall, Mr. T. F. Hastings, Mr. W. E. Abbott, Mr. E. H. Young and Mr. Claude Mills. The well-known and favorite actor, Chas. Volant, has been retained to supervise the production and play the leading parts, which is a sufficient guarantee that our townspeople will see a home-talent show to be proud of. The prices are 25 and 35 cts.; children, 15 cts. As the Volunteer Hose Co. is a very worthy organization and a credit to Bethel, everybody ought to assist in making their benefit a grand success.

The approach of Christmas naturally suggests many things we would like to give as presents. All to whom such suggestions have presented themselves and all who have not decided what they will give, are invited to call at the store of Miss L. C. Hall and examine her complete stock. Here you will find all you have thought of, together with a thousand and one things of which you never have thought. Don't buy until you have made us a call.

Mrs. Ella Carter spent the past week in Boston.
The Festival chorus has begun its regular work.
Chas. Tenny of Gorham, N. H., spent Sunday in town.
Miss Jessie Philbrook is assisting at King's during the holidays.
Mrs. Horace Andrews has returned from a week's visit at Rumford Falls.

Mr. Howard Carter is bookkeeper for the Berlin Mills Company at Berlin, N. H.
In selecting Christmas gifts, our readers will do well to call on our local advertisers.

"Hilton Mystery" is the drama to be given by the Volunteer Hose Company on Thursday evening, Dec. 15.

The condition of Mrs. W. S. Wright remains about the same. A specialist has been summoned for consultation.

Keep in mind F. H. Noyes' Blue Store, Norway, when thinking of holiday gifts. Next week he will tell you of the attractions at his store.

Dr. G. W. Fernald has leased the store owned by D. C. Philbrook and formerly occupied by Edward King, and has opened a harness shop. Attention will also be given to his veterinary business, as usual.

Francis, a little son of Walter Chandler of Norway, swallowed a pin, last Friday, which lodged in the esophagus. Medical treatment afforded relief and the little fellow was comfortable at last accounts.

You cannot find in the United States the equal of the genuine Round Oak. You may try; you'll get left. Remember, it's the combination of good points that makes the perfect stove. Buy the genuine and be satisfied. See the name on the Leg. Hastings Bros., agents, Bethel, Me.

For a complete line of silver novelties, table silver, chains, rings, pins, and in fact, anything in the jewelry and silverware line, go to King's. He has remembered the needs and tastes of Bethel's people, and for Christmas gifts in this line, patronize him instead of going out of town, for his wares and prices are such as to warrant a large sale.

At a regular meeting of Brown Post, No. 84, held last evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Ira C. Jordan, P. C.; A. W. Grover, S. V. C.; J. H. Barrows, J. V. C.; J. A. Morton, Surgeon; A. H. Hutchinson, Chaplain; O. M. Phelps, O. D.; E. H. Stearns, O. G. Delegate to the Department Encampment, G. A. Hastings; alternate, F. C. Bartlett.

The many friends of Prof. F. K. Hanscom are pleased to know that he is recovering from the injuries received from his recent accident at Oxford station. He was able to come to Bethel, Monday, though he is not yet able to resume his work, but hopes to be in a few days. It was a very narrow escape, in fact it seems almost a miracle that he escaped with so little injury. Those who saw the accident say, there was scarcely one chance in a million for him to escape with his life, but he says, fortunately, that chance came his way.

Gould's Academy Lecture Course.
We reprint the engagements for the Gould's Academy Lecture Course, announced in a former issue. It should be borne in mind that with speakers so much in demand as those who appear in this course, it has been impossible, in all cases, to fix dates for Tuesday or Thursday evenings, the nights most favorable for many of our business men.

The course presents marked attractions. The lecturers are all men, who not only speak, but who have something to say. Nothing more decisively stamps the mental and moral stature of a community, than the support and patronage it gives to lectures of this sort. It is well known that the palmy days of the lecture bureau marked the honest, intellectual activity among New England people. It is to be hoped that Bethel, by its large audiences, will prove its appreciation of such entertainments. In no surer way could it sustain its reputation as a village of exceptional intelligence and cultivation.

The course is given below. Lectures will be held either in the Congregational church or Odeon Hall, place to be announced next week, and we understand that another lecture will be added to the course if receipts permit. Prices as stated heretofore.

First lecture, Dec. 16. "The Devil in Black and White." Rev. Leroy S. Bean, Portland.

Second, Jan. 3. "College, Ideal and National Life." Dr. Nathaniel S. Butler, president of Colby University.

Third, about Jan. 16. "Kind of Men Demanded by the Times." Rev. Rollin T. Hack, Portland.

Fourth, Jan. 27. "Our Leaders; What They Teach." State Sup't. W. W. Weston.

Fifth, Feb. 6. "The Three-Fold Fountain of Life." Geo. C. Chase, president Bates College.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon, and is pleasant to take. Sold by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, and W. H. Crockett, Locke's Mills.

A Piano for the Brick Building.

In almost any kind of work, success, despatch, and pleasure, largely depend on the facilities at the command of the worker. Nowhere is this more true than in the schoolroom. Successful teachers are likely to use such helps as they have, and to devise more, in order to sustain an unfaltering interest in their pupils' minds day after day.

Of all the needs of our school, perhaps none is more pressing than the need of a piano. The system of education is changing. More and more the idea is gaining ground, to train the scholar in such a way as to foster all-round development, capability, and culture. Reading, writing, arithmetic, all retain a pre-eminent place, as they well deserve; but present conditions of life call for something broader, something more. Stating the matter briefly, few acquisitions are more elevating, helpful, useful, than a knowledge of music, such as our school can help in giving; and anybody can see that our school is not doing, and now, cannot do, what it ought along this line.

Moreover, a piano would seem in keeping with the good school-building and bright scholars that we have; it is what the stranger would expect to find; it would be convenient in a hundred different ways.

Those who are directly connected with the school, have resolved to start a piano fund, and the pupils are showing a commendable interest in the undertaking. It is proposed to interfere as little as possible with school work; but to create the beginning of the fund, it has been decided to give an entertainment at the hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 22.

The teachers realize plainly the inconvenience and trouble involved in a school entertainment, but we are prompted to do what we can, all that we can, to imbue in the young lives of our pupils, whatever will help them make the most and best of life in the future. We have resolved to get a piano, because it is necessary, essential.

It is hoped that enough money can be obtained this winter. The entertainment will be a Christmas opera. Refreshments, candies and fancy articles, costing from five to twenty-five cents, will be on sale. The proceeds will be placed in the bank for safe keeping.

If the cause receives the support that it deserves, it will be an encouragement to scholars and teachers, who have given time and other support. The boys and girls of Bethel are bright enough and earnest enough to profit from their advantages. Therefore, they deserve the best.

Two Pointed Questions Answered.
What is the use of making a better article than your competitor if you cannot get a better price for it?

Ans.—As there is no difference in the price, the public will buy only the better, so that while our profits may be smaller on a single sale, they will be much greater in the aggregate.

How can the public get to know your make is the best?

If both articles are brought prominently before the public, both are certain to be tried, and the public will very quickly pass judgment on them, and use only the better one.

This explains the large sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The people have been using it for years, and have found that it can always be depended upon. They may occasionally take up with some fashionable novelty put forth with exaggerated claims, but are certain to return to the one remedy that they know to be reliable, and for coughs, colds and croup there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, and W. H. Crockett, Locke's Mills.

Notice.
The patrons of the Bethel Post Office are cautioned against placing revenue stamps upon their letters. These stamps are not for postage, and no letters bearing them will be forwarded. Notice is also given that the office will be closed at 8 p. m. week days and will be open Sundays from 12 to 2:30, and from 6 to 8:30 p. m.

J. C. Billings, P. M.

Hood's Calendar

1899 is a perfect beauty, patriotic, up-to-date. Subject: "AN AMERICAN GIRL."

One of the handsomest pieces of color work issued this year. Lithographed, with border of army and navy emblems in gold. Leave your name with your druggist and ask him to save you a copy or send 6 cents in stamps for one.

C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. (Mention this paper.)

REMEMBER
Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Medicine for the Blood and the Best that Money Can Buy. Hence take only Hood's.

Our Young Readers.

Lost—A Boy.
He went from the old home hearthstone
Only two years ago,
A laughing, joking fellow
It would do you good to know;
Since then we have not seen him,
And we say, with a nameless pain,
The boy that we knew and loved so
We shall never see again.

One bearing the name we gave him
Comes home to us to-day;
But this is not the dear fellow
We kissed and sent away.
Tall as the man he calls father,
With a man's look on his face,
Is he who carries hearthstone,
The last boy's old place.

We miss the laugh that made music
Wherever the lost boy went;
This man has a smile most winsome,
His eyes have a grave intent.
We know he is thinking and planning
His way in the world of men,
And we cannot help but love him,
But we long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow
Who comes to take his place,
With hints of the vanished boyhood
In his earnest, thoughtful face.
Yet comes back the longing
For the boy we must have forgotten,
Whom we sent away from the hearthstone
Forever, with a kiss.

Ted and Percy.
"Mamma said I was naughty,
and nobody loves naughty boys
so I'll go away, and not have any
folks. That's the city, and there
aren't any policemen; nobody can
find me, and I'll go away. 'Order
if Teddy don't want to go. I'll ask
him,' and Percy ran off to the
barn in a great hurry.

"Teddy, come in the stall. I
want to 'hisper to 'ou."
Teddy dropped the brush with
which he was decorating the goat
stall, and sat with Percy under
the manger.

"Tats you away from mamma's
and big sisters that make us do
things we don't 'ant to," said Percy.
"And leave the goats?" asked
Teddy, opening his eyes wide with
surprise.

"No," answered Percy, slowly.
"No, 'ets take 'em," and Percy
jumped from his seat, took the harness
from the walls, and began harnessing
Trot and Frisk. "You go
and ask Mary for some crackers,
and here is lots of berries on the
house for tea, 'ere won't be any
mamma's to say, 'Ou must drink
milk, Percy and Teddy.' I'll drink
tea from a bowl like 'at man 'est'-
day."

By this time the goats were
harnessed, and the two little boys,
with a few crackers in the bottom
of the cart, drove away. The goats
trots along briskly. There was
a long stretch of wood without any
houses for tea, 'ere won't be any
mamma's to say, 'Ou must drink
milk, Percy and Teddy.' I'll drink
tea from a bowl like 'at man 'est'-
day."

Percy and Ted felt very big, as
they drove along with their hats
on the backs of their heads. They
came to a lane, and thought they
would drive through it to the end,
and stay there all night—for they
had heard their papas say that the
tramps did not keep on the main
road. "They had not driven far
into the lane, when a voice called
out, 'Good afternoon; wait a minute.
The boys started with surprise.
There was the very man
that drank the bowl of tea."

"Where are you going?"
"To 'Tatford," answered Percy.
In a trembling voice.
"This is not the way," said the
man. "Drive 'ere to these
woods. I'll show you."

"Let's go home, Percy," whispered
Ted; "I don't want to run away."
"Come," said the man, and he
turned the goats through the bars
into the wood. The boys were too
frightened to speak. After taking
the boys some distance into the
woods, he told them to get out of
the wagon. He then unharnessed
the goats, and, without speaking,
led them deeper into the woods by
a rope.

Ted's and Percy's mamma's
papas were driving up from the
boat in the early dusk, when Ted's
mamma called out, "Why, that
looks like Trot and Frisk," as two
goats were led by the wagon.

"At the house," answered Ted's
papa, both goats answered, by a
prolonged "baa." Ted's papa sprang
out of the carriage, the man
dropped the rope with which the
goats were tied, and ran away with
all his might. The goats were tied
to the back axle of the carriage,
and they all started for home.
Great was the surprise and terror,
when it was found that the boys,
the carriage, and harness were gone.

A vigorous search showed which
way the wagon was driven. The
tracks were closely followed, and
the two little boys, very frightened
and tired, answered to the calls
given by the searchers.

Ted and Percy decided that
mamma's know better than little
boys what was best for them.
They stayed two months longer in
the country, but the goats were
fastened in the stalls with pad-
locked chains, and the harness
hung in a locked closet. Ted and
Percy were not allowed to harness
the goats again.—Christian Union.

BETHEL, Me., Dec. 1, 1898.
Dear Editor:—
I noticed the enigmas in last
week's issue and thought I would
answer them.

Use me well and I'm everybody.
Scratch my back and I'm nobody.

Christmas!

Christmas!

Have you decided on what gift to give to each of your circle of friends? If not, call and inspect my stock before you try to reach any decision, as I may aid you.

My stock is the largest and best I ever had, and I cordially invite you people of Oxford County to call and see the goods, even if you have no desire to purchase.

I have the most extensive line of

Silver Novelties

ever seen in Bethel, and my stock of Watches, Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods is larger than ever before. I have also a few choice pieces of CUT GLASS.

EDWARD KING

JEWELER & OPTICIAN

Ans.—A looking-glass.
What is that which has neither
flesh nor bone, and yet has four
fingers and a thumb?
Ans.—A glove.

What is that which lives in winter;
would die in summer; and
grows with its root upward?
Ans.—An icicle.

Correct answers to Nos. 1 and 2
were received from N. Bryant
Pond, who also contributed the
following for our readers to answer.

What yesterday was, and to-
morrow will be?
What is that which in the morning
walks on four legs, walks on
two legs at noon, and in the evening
walks on three legs?

Think Twice.
CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

"Homer, the tailor. You know
him, I believe?"
"Yes; very well. But you are
not going to sue him?"
"Indeed I am."

"How much does he owe you?"
"Sixty odd dollars."
"I'd think twice before I troubled
poor Homer," said the other, shaking
his head.

"He sends me only insulting
answers," replied Gilbert. "I've
dunned him until I'm tired."
"Perhaps you have dunned him
too hard. He is sensitive and irri-
table."

"No; I've only sent three or four
times. This morning he returned
in answer that he would pay when
he was ready, and not before."

"And, on the spur of the mo-
ment, you have determined to put
the account into an alderman's
hands?"

"I have."
"Too hasty, friend Gilbert. In
matters of this kind it is better to
think twice. Remember that
Homer has had sickness and
death in his family. These, I
know, have thrown him back.
Here lies the cause of his slow-
ness in paying. But, surely, these
things entitle him to considera-
tion." He is honest. I am certain of
this."

"I didn't think of his sickness
and the loss of his child," said Gil-
bert, in a modified tone. "But
this is no justification for the
rude, unsatisfactory answers he
sent to my applications for the
money."

"Of course not. But every man
cannot, at all times, control his
feelings. An honest mind often
feels a quick sense of indignation,
when a demand is made for a debt,
where a present inability to pay
exists. This is no doubt, the case
with Homer. Honest in his in-
tentions, he felt your repeat-
ing and questioning that honesty;
and he could not bear the imputation
with becoming patience."

The two men separated. Gilbert
had thought twice; and, instead of
going to the magistrate's office, he
returned to his store. There, a lit-
tle to his surprise, he found the
tailor awaiting him. They met
with some reserve and embarras-
ment. But Homer said, in a min-
ute or two, in a subdued voice:—
"I am sorry, Mr. Gilbert, to have
kept you out of your money so
long; nothing has prevented my
paying you but inability. I have
had sickness and trouble, or it
would not be now with me as it is.
I felt worried when your clerk
called, to-day, and sent an improper
message. Let me recall that.
And, now, I will pay you the best
I can do. If you will take from me
five dollars a month, until the
bill is settled, I will faithfully pay
you that much, and more if it is
possible."

"Perfectly satisfactory," replied
Gilbert, in a voice so cordial that
it sent the blood bounding through
the veins of the unhappy tailor.
"If you had only made this propo-
sition before, it would have been
cheerfully accepted."

When the two men separated,
each was wiser, and each felt hap-
pier. The tailor kept his engage-
ment, and the grocer not only re-
ceived his money, but retained a
good customer. So much for sober,
second thoughts.

Please Bear in Mind

you can find always in our store a full complete line of goods in the line of footwear, also Trunks and Bags. We are agents for the celebrated

Sorosis Boots

for Ladies. We have a fine line of warm lined Winter Footwear, and Slippers for everybody. Men's Slippers in an endless variety, for 50c, 65c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50. All the new things in Rubber Footwear. We also have a splendid line of Trunks and Bags; Ladies' Boston Bags for 50c, 65c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$2.00. These make fine Christmas Presents. Call and see us.

SMILEY SHOE STORE,

E. N. SWETT, MANAGER,
127 MAIN STREET,
NORWAY, MAINE.

Christmas!

Christmas!

It is not long before Merry Christmas will be here.

ARE YOU PREPARED?

Have you decided on what gift to give to each of your circle of friends? If not, call and inspect my stock before you try to reach any decision, as I may aid you.

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E. N. SWETT, MANAGER,
127 MAIN STREET,
NORWAY, MAINE.

"THE HOUSEHOLD OUTFITTERS."

Hooper, Son & Leighton.

Our Special Methods

OF WINNING AND RETAINING PATRONS.

We carry everything needed to furnish a House, Hall, Church or Office. We make our store pleasant and attractive. We can do this because it is that kind of a store, and the stock we buy completes the attraction. We feel that if our stock and store equals or surpasses those of larger cities, our Maine people will be glad to trade at home. Our great increase of business since opening the new store proves that to be true, happily for all concerned.

We absolutely guarantee each and every article sold by us to be as represented and worth the price paid, and we agree to "pay back the money if the goods don't suit." And what we agree, we surely do. Ask anyone who knows, and it's easy to find such ones.

We want all visitors in Portland to use our store as their headquarters when down town. We've a reception room, ladies' toilet rooms; we'll care for your packages, loan you our telephone, and whistle for a car for you when you desire to "catch one."

You're welcome with us always.

